

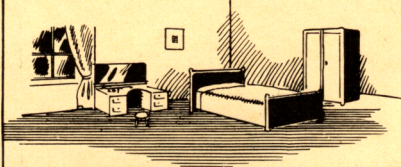
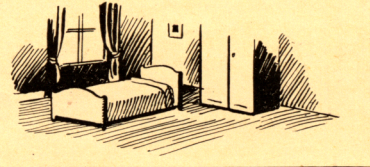


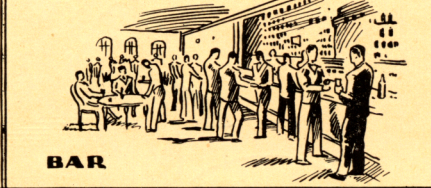
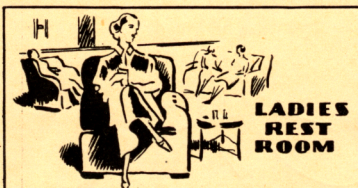
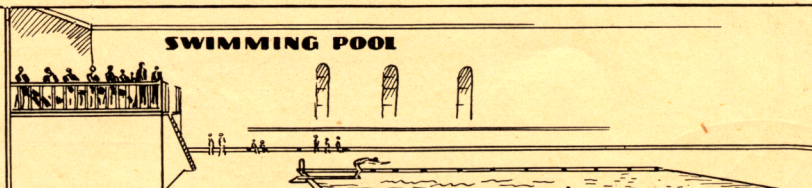
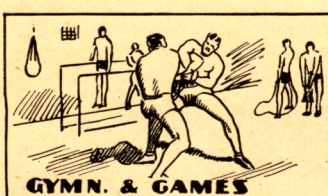
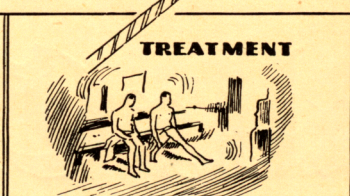


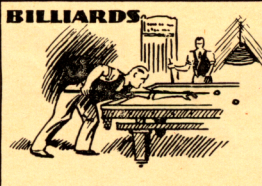





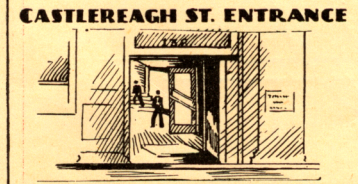
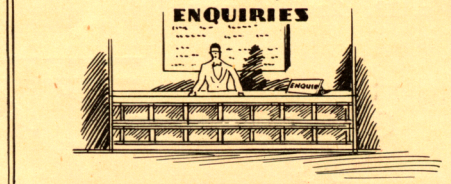
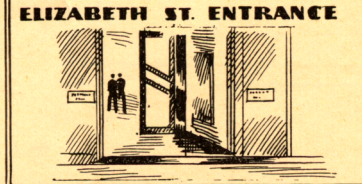


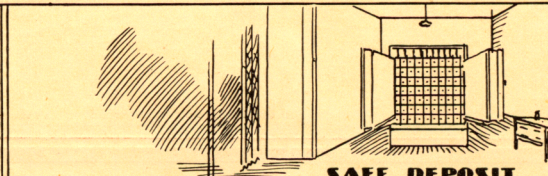
Tattersall's Club Magazine

The
OFFICIAL ORGAN
OF
TATTERSALL'S CLUB
SYDNEY.

Vol. 14. No. 12. 2nd February, 1942.



ACTIVITIES OF TATTERSALL'S CLUB

 			FLOOR 5	
 DINING ROOM	 LOUNGE	 BAR	FLOOR 4	
 LADIES REST ROOM	 SWIMMING POOL		FLOOR 3 me 33.	
 GYMN. & GAMES	 TREATMENT			FLOOR 3
 CARD ROOMS	 BUFFET & BAR	 BILLIARDS	 OFFICE & BOARD ROOM	FLOOR 2
 CLUB ROOM	 BAR	 BARBER	 GROCERIES	FLOOR 1
 CASTLEREAGH ST. ENTRANCE	 ENQUIRIES	 ELIZABETH ST. ENTRANCE		GROUND FLOOR
 STORE ROOMS	 PUBLIC SETTLING ROOM	 SAFE DEPOSIT		BASE- MENT

TATTERSALL'S CLUB MAGAZINE

The Official Organ of Tattersall's Club, 157 Elizabeth Street, Sydney

Vol. 14. No. 12



2nd February, 1942

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S. E. CHATTERTON



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TATTERSALL'S CLUB was established on the 14th May, 1858, and is the leading sporting and social Club in Australia.

The Club House is up-to-date and replete with every modern convenience for the comfort of members, while the Dining Room is famous for quality food and reasonable prices.

The Club's long association with the Turf may be judged from the fact that Tattersall's Club Cup was first run at Randwick on New Year's Day, 1868.

The Club's next Race Meeting will be held at Randwick on Saturday, 23rd May, 1942. Principal Event: The James Barnes Plate, One Mile and Three Furlongs.

The Club Man's Diary

FEBRUARY BIRTHDAYS: 2nd, Mr. E. E. Hirst, Mr. A. V. Miller; 6th, Mr. C. O. Chambers, Mr. T. S. Prescott; 8th, Mr. A. J. M. Kelly; 11th, Mr. S. W. Griffith; 13th, Mr. A. J. Matthews, Mr. H. Norton, Mr. W. Hilderbrandt; 25th, Mr. H. S. Clissold.

* * *

The Lord Mayor's Patriotic and War Fund of N.S.W. will benefit in the sum of £2700/9/1, net proceeds from Carrington Stakes day of Tattersall's Club's meeting at Randwick on December 27, 1941. The net return from the corresponding day of the previous year was £5216 11s. 2d.

To appreciate a comparison in the two totals, one should remember that a great deal had happened in the war situation since the first 1940 meeting — on the home front as well as overseas. In the circumstances, a net return of £2700 9s. 1d. must be regarded as being gratifying.

The Chairman and members of the Committee of Tattersall's Club record their deep appreciation of the financial assistance and splendid co-operation of the Australian Jockey Club, and acknowledge how materially that aid contributed to the general success of a cause to which the A.J.C. and Tattersall's Club are committed wholeheartedly.

Through this reciprocal co-operation, Tattersall's Club looks with confidence to future undertakings in this regard.

* * *

When John O'Dea reads these lines, after a spell in hospital, he will realise that their purpose is to assure him of the satisfaction of all members at his return to health, coupled with their sincere good wishes.

* * *

A visit to Windsor and other historic spots in England is described in a letter home by a son of Mr. and Mrs. H. ("Darkie") Webster. The lad is attached to the R.A.A.F. He wrote:

"As we went past the music room we heard the Princesses having their music lesson. They looked out of the window and smiled at us. The lawns were just like a bowling green. We were told that the gardens were always beautiful before the war. They are growing vegetables there now.

"At Eton we were shown through the room where the boys carve their names on the day they leave school. Amongst the names were those of Walpole, Pitt, Shelley, Granville, Fox and Wellington.

"Before leaving, one of our chaps wanted to get a photograph of one of the boys in his Eton clothes. As each boy came along he hid his face on seeing the camera. At last a chap of about twelve years stopped. Our fellow asked him if he would pose for a photograph for the Snake Gully Times. The little chap answered that he was very busy and did not have time for that sort of thing, but seeing that we were Australians he would consent to just one photograph."

* * *

These young English boys assume an air of grave (rather than great) importance. If they appear aloof, even snobbish, to an Australian, they don't usually mean to be.

I recall an occasion when the British naval squadron under Sir Frederick Field arrived at Jervis Bay on the first stage of a cruise in Australian and N.Z. waters. Newspaper men had had a devil of a time trying to gather their copy in dreadful rain. Finally, we sat down to write in the library of the Naval College. All of us were on edge. Into our retreat broke a number of midshipmen from the British ships. They commenced to chatter like a lot of girls. I recall a man who to-day is placed highly on a Sydney daily, jumping up and shouting: "Listen you ——'s . . ."

The prologue was sufficient. "Tsh! tsh!" the middies said as they walked out, just as a shocked missionary would withdraw from the company of a cannibal.

The English naval officers (particularly those on H.M.S. Renown) — sunk in action in this war — were charming, manly fellows.

With that squadron also was H.M.S. Repulse, which has shared the fate of the Renown. What queer pranks time plays is instanced in an episode of that visit, back in the nineteen-twenties. The Repulse was detached from the squadron at sea to go to the rescue of a merchant ship listing dangerously — it was a Japanese ship.

* * *

I was shaking up my memory to recall where previously I had heard the name "Yaralla." It was a long time ago — that was certain. Suddenly the memory returned. "Yaralla" was the name of a small steamer which had sailed under the A.U.S.N. flag in the late nineties-early nineteen hundreds.

On the Brisbane "Observer" was a funny writer. He was then in rhyme what Lennie Lower is in prose to-day. He dragged the Yaralla into a rhyme which I recall for the chief reason that it was clever and also because it featured a word "yclept," of which I had not known previously — "A ship yclept the ocean wave." Look it up for yourself.

* * *

I ran into one of those Pitt-Street strategists the other morning — or, rather, he ran into me. He demanded to know what "We" were doing by retiring again in Libya; why "We" didn't give the Japs a go in Malaya. Offensive action, he informed me, was the thing. Running over the Generals, he declared that the majority had failed. "And, he added, "We" let them go on failing. The time has come when "We" must do something . . ."

"My dear fellow," I put in as he stopped for breath, "really you remind me of those members of my own tribe who write the war-day-by-day notes and provide the radio commentaries."

"You libelling cow," he exclaimed, making off.

Mac Sawyer died just as the previous issue of this magazine had gone to press. At this, the first opportunity, we pay a tribute to the memory of one of the best of sportsmen and keenest of turf patrons.

* * *

Add to the record of A. Duff Cooper, lately British Cabinet Minister in the East that he married Lady Diana Manners who had become almost a national toast in the England of 1913-14. Her every movement headlined in the social columns, her picture splashed in pages everywhere, her wisecracks italicised, eventually led a fed-up Englishman of some accomplishment to observe in the first quarter of hostilities: "We are fighting this war for more than Lady Diana Manners."

Such was the spirit of this daughter of a ducal home that, when injured critically through a fall in the hunting field, and all England believed her swinging between life and death, she caused the country to gasp by appearing unexpectedly at a war-fund carnival to which she had promised to lend her presence, before the accident. Attired gorgeously in the latest model, she was wheeled in, smiling.

"Firmly held views, fearlessly expressed," a correspondent wrote of A. Duff Cooper. In which case he has nothing on his wife.

* * *

Prophetic verse from Henry Lawson's poem "The Star of Australasia:"

*We boast no more of a bloodless flag
that rose from a nation's slime;
Better a shred of a deep-dyed rag
from the storms of the older time.
From grander clouds in our peaceful
skies than ever were there before,
I tell you the star of the south shall
rise in the lurid clouds of war. . .*

* * *

The passing of J. W. Plaskitt on January 30 removed a man among men. He had a nature that was gentle and generous. His friendship was something to be prized. Coming from England originally, he carved a fortune out of his enterprise in the country districts, and was for many years before his re-

tirement and residence in Sydney a Western man. He was more of an enthusiast than an artist at billiards, but he always found great relish in the games which he played in this Club. The loss of his company among this section of members, in particular, is lamented, but he will be missed generally.



The Rt. Hon. the Lord Mayor of Sydney (Ald. S. S. Crick) receiving from the Chairman of Tattersall's Club (Mr. W. W. Hill), a cheque for £2700/9/1, being net proceeds of Carrington Stakes Day at Randwick on December 27th, 1941, in aid of The Lord Mayor's Patriotic and War Fund of New South Wales.

A pleasant surprise awaited Bill Royal when he popped into the club unexpectedly after a long absence in New Guinea. Members advanced on him from all sides and, gripping his hand, said they were so happy to welcome him back among them.

"I knew they meant it," Bill said. "I've met many people and been many places in my time. The experience has confirmed me in the belief I've always held—the friendship of one's fellows is a man's greatest asset."

* * *

H. S. (Sid) Clissold is another such type, when he comes to the city nowadays, from the fastnesses of Ulladulla, he makes for the club, there to fraternise with fellow members and look back on the past through the amber light of a glass—but not darkly.

"There's nothing finer in life," he told me. "You can't better palship."

Sid is a member of the old-time Ashfield Clissold clan. He is the oldest director—in term of service—of the Canterbury Club. May your shadow never grow less, Sid—them's our sentiments.

* * *

I recall the little Jap midshipman who had been detailed to conduct me over the flagship on a festive occasion during the last visit of Nippon's squadron to Sydney. We drank several sakis and walked to the side of the ship which faced toward the Heads. The middy said: "Ver' bootful 'arbor; ver' great city . . . maybe we come back some day."

As events continued to happen I often thought of those words, and wondered what the little devil was driving at.

* * *

Slightly delirious financier: Nurse, what did you say my temperature was?

Nurse: One hundred and three, sir.

Financier: Right! When it gets to one hundred and three and a half—sell!

* * *

Another has been called from the dominoes group; this time, "Sam" Gilder. For his 77 years he was a remarkably active man. This physical quality of endurance he carried into his affairs, allied with mental equipment that was painstaking and shrewd. Behind an apparent austerity his real nature coupled consideration with kindness. Moorefield has lost an able chairman, racing an ardent supporter, and very many sportsmen a good friend. He was elected a member of this club on 26/11/1925.

(Continued on Page 5.)

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The Club Man's Diary

(Continued from Page 3.)

Sam Gilder's good sportsmanship was a thought impelling many who attended the service at St. Anne's Church of England, Strathfield, to link a memory with the days when St. Anne's fielded a great Rugby Union XV. in the early part of the new century. Among the players were "Crocker" Hardy and Gil. Johns, both killed in action in the previous war, the Prentice brothers—Ward, Wheat and Harry—the late Dr. George Byrne (known affectionately as "Ginger"), Lieut. Col. G. H. N. King, H. M. McDonald, and George Chiene.

Ward Prentice was subsequently a member of the famous "Wallabies," and George Chiene played half-back for Eastern Suburbs in the first season of "Dally" Messenger's translation to senior football. Full back was D'Alpuget (killed in action in the previous war). John Stuntz and J. J. Rose were on the wings. P. Rosenfeld was outside centre to "Dally" Messenger. Albert Rosenfeld was five-eight. What a back combination! It has never been surpassed for speed. Those who were not even-timers approached that time.

At the service before the funeral of Sam Gilder, Tommy Gunning and G. Davies recalled that Sam had been a member of the Sudan contingent in 1885.

The buttons on a man's coat cuffs were originally on the front of the sleeve, and were first used on the uniforms of Frederick the Great's soldiers to keep the men from wiping their noses on their sleeves. The buttons ran from the wrist to the elbow.

* * *

Somebody writing to the newspapers asks whether Sydney cannot do something to control the noise problem. What a job it is going to prove to anyone undertaking it. There are people who actually love noise, who wallow in the most terrific racket. They "shout for joy"; they revel in fireworks. There is the motorist who speeds around creating the din of a small war. There is the motor-biking lad who, for the fun of the thing, stops still and tests out his engine, again and again and again. And there is the householder who opens all windows, turns on his radio loud-speaker, and basks in the roaring he inflicts on his neighbours.

After all, if the world were effectively de-noised, would the average man be pleased with the change? Traffic and trains would swoop round in a ghastly silence; in the hushed streets citizens would converse in guilty whispers. One would never know, when crossing a street, whether a stealthy motor-lorry was not about to pounce from the rear. As for

football matches, they would lose their zest, and bathroom tenors (de-larynxed by Act of Parliament) would all go over the Bridge in a body.

The great secret vice of such days would be Noise Parties, held on a secret island full of rattling trams, squealing radio sets, unsilenced motor bikes, double-bungers, and Mills bombs, whence a debauchee would reel home with shattered ear drums quite fuddled with the glorious clamour of it all.

* * *

From the couplets of a poetic punter:

Moonlight's sweet I've always reckoned—

But sweeter still is "daylight second."

* * *

Here's a pretty one: the origin of the word "love" as used in tennis scoring to mean "zero." The game of tennis originated in France. (See the tennis incident that caused a duel in the early chapters of "The Three Musketeers"; also the Tennis Court Oath of the French Revolution.) In the seventeenth century French players used "l'oeuf" (egg) as slang for zero. When the English adopted the game "l'oeuf" was also taken as "love." But Wimbledon, instead of the gardens of the Tuileries, is now or was the tennis focus of Europe and the French have adopted the English word "love" for use instead of their own "l'oeuf."

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A BOY I KNEW

(By E. B. White)

Author of "Every Day Is Saturday," "Quo Vadimus," etc.

I am quite sure that the character I'm least likely to forget is a boy I grew up with and nowadays see little of. I keep thinking about him. Once in a while I catch sight of him — down a lane, or just coming out of a men's washroom. Sometimes I will be gazing absently at my own son, now nine years old, and there in his stead this other boy will be, blindingly familiar yet wholly dreamlike and unapproachable. Although he enjoys a somewhat doubtful corporality, and occurs only occasionally, like a stitch in the side, without him I should indeed be lost. He is the boy that once was me.

The most memorable character in any man's life, and often the most inspiring, is the lad that once he was. I certainly can never forget him, and, at rare intervals when his trail crosses mine, the conjunction fills me with elation. Once, quite a while ago, I wrote a few verses which I put away in a folder to ripen. With the reader's kind permission I will exhume these lines now because they explain briefly what I am getting at:

In the sudden mirror in the hall
I saw not my own self at all,
I saw a most familiar face:
My father stood there in my place,
Returning, in the hall lamp's glare,
My own surprised and watery stare.

In thirty years my son shall see
Not himself standing there, but me.

This bitter substitution, or transmigration, one generation with another, must be an experience which has disturbed men from the beginning of time. There comes a moment when you discover yourself in your father's shoes, saying his say, putting on his act, even looking as he looked; and in that moment everything is changed, because if you are your father, then your son must be you. Or something like that — it's never quite clear.

But anyway you begin to think of this early or original self as something apart, a separate character, not someone you once were but someone you once knew.

I remember once taking an overnight journey with my son in a Pullman compartment. He slept in the lower berth, handy to the instrument panel containing fan and light controls; I slept in the upper. Early in the morning I awoke and from my vantage point looked down. My boy had raised the shade a few inches and was ingesting the moving world. In that instant I encountered my unforgettable former self: it seemed as though it were I who was down there in the lower berth looking out of the train window just as

the sky was growing light, absorbing the incredible wonder of fields, houses, bakery trucks, and before-breakfast world, tasting the sweetness and scariness of things seen and only half understood — the train penetrating the morning, the child penetrating the meaning of the morning and of the future. To this child the future was always like a high pasture, a little frightening, full of herds of steers and of intimations of wider prospects, of trysts with Fate, of vague passionate culminations and the nearness to sky and to groves, of juniper smell and sweetfern in a broiling noon sun. The future was one devil of a fine place, but it was a long while on the way.

This boy (I mean the one I can't forget) had a good effect on me. He was a cyclist and an early riser. Although grotesque in action, he was of noble design. He lived a life of enchantment; virtually everything he saw and heard was being seen and heard by him for the first time, so he gave it his whole attention. He took advantage of any slight elevation of ground or of spirit, and if there was a fence going his way, he mounted it and escaped the commonplace by a matter of four feet. I discovered in his company the satisfactions of

(Continued on Page 14.)



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RACING FIXTURES

Revised List of Dates for Randwick Fixtures, 1942

FEBRUARY

A.J.C. (Warwick Farm), Saturday, 7th
 Victoria Park Saturday, 14th
 Moorefield Saturday, 21st
 Ascot Saturday, 28th

MARCH

A.J.C. (Warwick Farm), Saturday, 7th
 Rosehill } Saturday, 14th
 Ascot }
 Rosehill Saturday, 21st
 A.J.C. (Warwick Farm), Saturday, 28th

APRIL

A.J.C. Saturday, 4th
 A.J.C. Monday, 6th
 A.J.C. Saturday, 11th
 Canterbury Park Saturday, 18th

MAY

Canterbury Park Saturday, 2nd
 Moorefield Saturday, 9th
 Kensington Saturday, 16th
Tattersall's Club **Saturday, 23rd**
 Rosebery Saturday, 30th

JUNE

Hawkesbury } Saturday, 6th
 Rosebery }
 A.J.C. Saturday, 13th
 A.J.C. Monday, 15th
 Victoria Park Saturday, 20th
 Ascot Saturday, 27th

JULY

Kensington Saturday, 4th
 Moorefield Saturday, 11th
 Canterbury Park } Saturday, 18th
 Kensington }
 Rosebery Saturday, 25th

AUGUST

Victoria Park Saturday, 1st
 Rosehill Saturday, 8th
 Ascot Saturday, 15th
 Moorefield } Saturday, 22nd
 Victoria Park }
 A.J.C. (Warwick Farm), Saturday, 29th

SEPTEMBER

Canterbury Park Saturday, 5th
Tattersall's Club **Saturday, 12th**
 Rosehill Saturday, 19th
 Hawkesbury Saturday, 26th

OCTOBER

A.J.C. Saturday, 3rd
 A.J.C. Monday, 5th
 A.J.C. Saturday, 10th
 City Tattersall's Saturday, 17th
 Rosehill Saturday, 24th
 Moorefield Saturday, 31st

NOVEMBER

Kensington Saturday, 7th
 Rosebery Saturday, 14th
 Canterbury Saturday, 21st
 A.J.C. (Warwick Farm), Saturday, 28th

DECEMBER

A.J.C. (Warwick Farm), Saturday, 5th
 Rosehill Saturday, 12th
 A.J.C. Saturday, 19th
 A.J.C. . . Saturday 26th (Boxing Day)

OLLA PODRIDA

(By E. J. Gravestock)

"What's Olla Podrida?" asked my inquisitive young daughter, peering over my shoulder. "I saw it once on a menu in a Continental restaurant," I replied, "The waiter said it was good. The Chef had put everything into it except the kitchen stove, and that's what I am going to do with this article." The voice of I.Y.D. No. 2 came from the depths of the bookshelf; "It says here that Olla Podrida is Spanish for 'Rotten Pot!'" Ah, well, truth will out, but let us hope for the best, and move on our way.

If veterans of the Club were canvassed, we should undoubtedly garner some fine reminiscences of their first race meeting. I don't claim to be a veteran, but here's my story. The first race meeting I saw, was strangely enough in a circus. Round about 1900 Barnum and Bailey's gigantic circus came to the Olympia, London, and as a Xmas treat my father took me to see it. Being a normal father, I have an idea he was also giving himself a treat. As is generally known, the Olympia covers an enormous area of ground, and all the big shows and spectacles take place there. The arena is so large that Barnum had to put in three rings. I went "goggled-eyed" trying to watch the three at one time. The inspection of the freaks before the show proper commenced was alone worth the money. Jo-Jo the dog-faced man from darkest Africa, the bearded lady, the midgets, the fellow with no arms who wrote visiting cards for you with his toes, dervishes who ate red hot coals and enjoyed them, the skeleton man, and a host of other monstrosities.

One of the big spectacles of the show, was a reproduction of Epsom Downs on Derby Day. The whole arena was cleared, lights were dimmed. A bugle rang out, the lights came up, and from all points around the arena there was a mad rush of hundreds of men and women in every conceivable kind of costume; horses and carts, costers and their donkey carts, four-in-hands, gypsies and their caravans, stalls of all descriptions, bookmakers and their para-

phernalia, men on stilts, tipsters, roundabouts, etc. In a flash there was a racecourse with its multifarious crowd in full swing. Then came the Derby. Horses with colours up raced around the arena to intense excitement. The race was over, the crowd vanished just as quickly as it came. A few years later, it was time for me to go out and become a wage-earner, and a concert agent's office in Regent Street, facing the Cafe Royal was chosen as a suitable place to begin. The offices on the floor above were occupied by "Somers and Co., Turf Commissioners," which did not convey anything to me then. Having plenty of time to gaze at the passing show in London's fashionable West-End thoroughfare, I was intrigued by two affluent looking gentlemen who arrived each morning about 10.30, in a stylish carriage, drawn by a pair of spanking bays, driven by a smart coachman. After a brief visit to the floor above they would rejoin their carriage, smoking fat cigars and carrying race glasses, and drive off. "Somers and Co. going to Hurst Park!" hissed our charlady in my ear. Later when I had gained the confidence of our lady book-keeper, I was entrusted with a slip of paper and 2/- to take up to Somers & Co. The lady in question seemed consumed with a violent itch until the newspaper runners came tearing up from Piccadilly Circus with cries of "Two-thirty result," when I was promptly bundled down the stairs with a halfpenny for the "Star," nearly being pushed over the banisters by the burly commissionaire from the Cafe Royal rushing upstairs to Somers and Co. with his two bob for the three-thirty. I don't remember ever going up to collect, but we did save the price of the papers later, when we became old and trusted clients, as I was allowed to ask Somers and Co. the result when it came through on their tape machine.

Spending a holiday at Brighton-on-Sea, I saw how the two bobs were lost, when a young sporting friend took me up on to the Downs for the

Brighton races. I got more fun watching the tick-tackers, the tipsters, the cocoa-nut shies, and the hundred and one side shows that went to make up a race meeting in England nearly forty years ago, than watching the races.

It was twenty-five years later before I went on to an English racecourse again. It was at Ludlow, a steeplechase meeting. I was staying at a fine old 16th century home near Ludlow. Many things about this home appealed to me, but none more than an old printed notice, which had been preserved and framed. The wording was to the effect that anyone caught stealing apples from the orchard would be liable to deportation to Australia, and a reward of £1 would be paid for information leading to the conviction of such transgressors. No wonder we like apples in Australia!

To get back to our Ludlow race meeting. It had been teeming with rain for days, and the course was waterlogged, but it made no difference, the races were held. The jockeys had to guess which was the course and which were the water jumps. I invested 10/- on a nag that someone tipped me. I presented my money to the nicest looking bookmaker I could see, and he politely handed me his visiting card. I couldn't give him mine in exchange, as I hadn't one. I patiently waited for the usual ticket which I was used to getting in Australia, with a number on it, and the usual hieroglyphics, but apparently it wasn't done in the best circles, so I pensively walked away pondering how I was going to collect my winnings. I have never learnt from that day to this, as my nag decided to sit down and have a bath at one of the water jumps, in an endeavour to remove some of the mud thrown at him by the horses in front.

My first visit to an Australian race meeting was unfortunately more successful. It was the year Relievo won the Newmarket at Flemington, 1913 I think. I invested my golden sover-

(Continued on Page 11.)

FOR QUALITY MEAT



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OLLA PODRIDA

(Continued from Page 9.)

eign on him at 10 to 1, and have been trying to pick them ever since, having visited nearly every course from Rockhampton to Kalgoorlie, and Auckland to Invercargill. Almost without exception distinguished artists from overseas have visited Randwick and Flemington. It is a phase of Australian life we like to show them, as probably nowhere in the world can the Sport of Kings be seen under such favourable conditions. The passing of the famous American tenor, Charles Hackett, a few weeks ago, recalled many happy times with him on his tour here in 1925, including a visit to Randwick during the Easter meeting of that year. We hear a lot about the romances of the Turf, but I consider his coming to Australia was one of the romances of the show world. Following the successful tours of John McCormack, the Irish tenor, with the Taits, I was anxious to get hold of a tenor, preferable an Irishman. I therefore pressed my agent in London to try and dig one up somewhere. He wrote me optimistically of a tenor named Tom Burke who had made a sensational debut in London, but Tom didn't work out right. He had the ball at his feet, but would not play ball, with his English manager, or his public. So we had to cross him off the list. Tom, by the way, was first husband to Marie Burke, the charming theatrical star, so highly esteemed here. Towards the end of 1924, I received a cable from my London agent saying he could strongly recommend Charles Hackett, an Irish-American tenor. I pondered—Hackett, tenor; never heard of him. The only Hackett I knew was Jim Hackett, and I hadn't heard that he was a tenor. That night I had to travel from Melbourne to Sydney, and in the parlor car I picked up a London illustrated magazine which carried a picture of a fine looking man in operatic costume. The caption read "Best tenor since Caruso?" Then followed a description of the success achieved by an American tenor named Charles Hackett at Covent Garden. This put a different light on the cable, and I readily visualised the possibilities

of Hackett. I couldn't get to the cable office quickly enough on my arrival in Sydney. Negotiations were soon finalised. I agreed to guarantee Hackett thirty concerts on sharing terms, the tenor's share to be not less than £75 per concert. The tour to commence in Sydney at Easter, 1925. This gave me less than six months to make his name known here. Music-lovers had been moaning that famous artists only came to Australia in the late autumn of their lives, but here was one coming so early in the spring of his career, that he was still a bud on the tree of fame. A search of gramophone records revealed one of two non-electric recordings, which were not very encouraging. However with the arrival of further details and some very striking pictorial posters of Hackett, from England, I had something to work upon. Caruso, the great Italian tenor, had died a short time previously, and the musical world was casting around for his successor. In their reviews of Hackett's singing, some of the London musical critics raised the question as to Hackett being the Italian's successor. The "Daily Express" headed its eulogistic report "Best Tenor since Caruso?" I adopted this as my slogan, and had thousands of posters printed "Charles Hackett, Best Tenor since Caruso." The printer apparently overlooked putting the question mark in, and as it was much more impressive without it, I raised no objection. I "billed" Sydney like a circus. The newspapers were very sympathetic, gave me a lot of free space, and I spent more money on advertising than had ever been spent before on a concert singer. Our first concert was to take place on the first Saturday after Easter in the Sydney Town Hall. Hackett was just as attractive as his photographs made him appear. A fine upstanding chap, with a genial fresh personality, he quickly made friends with all and sundry. When I reached the Town Hall about 6.30 on the night of the concert, the queues were out to George Street. The ticket sellers were swamped, and we took nearly £300 at the doors, this with the preliminary booking,

brought our receipts to over £500, which was definitely a record for a singer whose name was unknown to Australians six months before. Remember we did not have the advantage of records being plugged over the wireless, publicising his name and voice in every home in Australia, as is the case to-day. That first night audience took Hackett to its heart almost from the start. After he had sung his first number Hackett quickly warmed up, and there was no doubt about his success. Young Bratza, the Serbian violinist I brought out with the tenor, and Clarence Raybould, the pianist, formed an admirable trio. It was with high spirits that we were able to relax with a party of friends at the Ambassadors, Stewart Dawson's wonderful cabaret restaurant after the concert. Monday morning saw a stampede for the box office, the papers had been splendid in their praise, and the "word of mouth" enthusiasm soon went round the town. Fortunately I had secured the Town Hall for ten concerts, an unusually large number, but I had gambled on Hackett delivering the goods, and he did. Our Sydney success was repeated throughout Australia and New Zealand. I tried to get Hackett to come out again, when I saw him in Chicago a few years later, but he was so tied up with his operatic and concert engagements in America that he could not spare the time. He was principal tenor of the Chicago Civic Opera Company, and we had a wonderful time during their winter season. Samuel Insull, the English "Get-rich-Wallingford" gentleman who escaped from Chicago to Greece to escape the attentions of law, was the prime supporter of Opera in that City and, Hackett was loud in his praise for the good work he had done for Chicago. Apparently Hackett was not aware that Insull was feathering his own nest in the doing. I heard afterwards that several of the principal singers of the opera company had put their savings into some of Insull's wild-cat schemes, but I don't know if Hackett was one of them.

Most of us get a kick out of picking a winner on our own judgment, apart from any financial gain, and if on occasions, our choice stays at

(Continued on Page 13.)



GOULBURN — *City of the Plains*

THERE can be no doubt of the fact that "health and plenty cheer the labouring swain" in New South Wales' City of the Plains—Goulburn.

It is anything but a deserted village, and through the years has shown a gradual increase in beauty and prosperity of which any community might well be proud.

Goulburn has grown from strength to strength; with its altitude of 2074 feet above the sea level, and consequent healthy, bracing climate, its fine scenery and fair rainfall, it has become a favourite tourist resort as well as the home town of many retired primary producers and business men.

The first white men to set foot in Goulburn Plains were James Meehan, Charles Throsby and Hamilton Hume, who surveyed the country southwards from the Cowpastures in order to ascertain whether communication could be established with Jervis Bay. This occurred in the year 1818, and in 1820, explorer John Oxley made his camp on the Mulwarree Plain.

Following on Oxley's report of the district, settlement began very soon afterwards, and the energetic Governor Macquarie, later visiting the district, named the prospective town Goulburn after the then Colonial Secretary, Henry Goulburn.

However, when Governor Bourke visited the district in 1832, he disapproved of the site decided upon by his predecessor, and chose the present site of the city. It may be pointed

out that both townships are now included in the City of Goulburn, the earlier one, Goulburn Plains, being practically what is known as North Goulburn.

Early pioneers included William Bradley, Andrew Gibson, William Faithfull, John and Humphrey Thorn, William Shelley, Edmund Lockyer, James and John Chisholm, and Charles Rogers.

The first town Council was proclaimed in 1843, with William Pitt Faithfull as Warden, and Councillors, John Francis McArthur, John Murphy, T. C. Curlew, Francis Murphy, J. R. Styles, W. H. Hovell, R. Campbell, W. Shelley and J. Gore.

As far back as 1836, Goulburn had its brewery and a second one was established in 1843. The first boiling-down works were commenced in 1844, this industry being the means of practically saving the colony from bankruptcy in the late forties, following on a period of depression at that time.

Consequent upon increase in prosperity and population, the town was in 1859 proclaimed a Municipality with Mr. C. H. Walsh as the first Mayor and William Dignam, Town Clerk.

In the light of to-day's expeditious and safe methods of travelling, it is both amusing and interesting to note a public announcement made to the citizens of Goulburn on 19th December, 1845—that safe and expeditious travelling between Goulburn and Sydney was now possible and that the dis-

tance between Campbelltown and Goulburn could be accomplished in 16 hours!

However, in 1863 with the opening of the railway, Goulburn started a march of progress which has never faltered.

The first State school was opened by Sir Henry Parkes in 1868, with an enrolment of 324, and the streets of the city were first illuminated by gas-light as early as 1879, then by electricity in 1914.

Goulburn is famous as a wool-growing district, and on many occasions has topped the Sydney market during the season.

In addition to sheep, the district is rich in cattle, cows and pigs, with the principal crops, fruit, potatoes, oats and lucerne.

In addition, there are minerals including gold, silver, lead, copper, tin, wolfram, scheelite and molybdenum, also large deposits of fire-clay, granite and slate. As a matter of fact, Goulburn is claimed to be the largest store stock market in Australia.

The "City of the Plains" is undoubtedly well served; it has its fine cathedrals, for Goulburn is the headquarters of two bishoprics; its modern hospitals, its radio station, newspaper, fine buildings and parks, not forgetting the unique War Memorial on Rocky Hill, which overlooks the city on the east, surrounded by the Memorial Park.

As the late Sir Walter Davidson, then Governor of New South Wales, said when speaking at the Goulburn Centenary celebrations in 1920, "What a change over 100 years and a century in the lifetime of a nation is but a small time." Reviewing our history, it must be conceded that there has been nothing of the mushroom about the growth of Goulburn.

"That is to the good, for the town which expands steadily is the town that will endure.

"The future is rich with potentialities. Wisely governed, and with resources soundly developed, Goulburn has progressed."

From a little bark-roofed frontier town, a mere tablelanders' outpost, has evolved the city of to-day—a gem of the south—Goulburn, "The City of the Plains."



Goulburn Branch.

The RURAL BANK
OF NEW SOUTH WALES

OLLA PODRIDA

(Continued from Page 11.)

the barrier, we can still maintain that it would have won. The passing of the famous American actor, Otis Skinner, a few weeks back recalls that some years ago I was in the position of having picked a potential winner who stayed at the barrier. Otis Skinner was one of the grand men of the American theatre thirty years ago, but I don't think he ever came to Australia. He has, however, left a legacy to the entertainment world in his daughter, Cornelia. In 1927 I was in New York looking for attractions for this country, and my agent suggested that I go to the Selwyn Theatre on a Sunday night, and see Cornelia Otis Skinner, who was giving entertainments in the Ruth Draper fashion. I had previously endeavoured to secure the celebrated Ruth Draper, but she was making so much money in England and America, that Australia at that time did not interest her. I was enchanted with the Otis Skinner girl. In addition to being one of the most beautiful girls I had seen on the stage,

she was a brilliant entertainer. She conjured up before her audience, not only the character she herself was playing, but those invisible ones with whom she was carrying on an imaginary conversation. It did not take long to come to terms for an Australian and New Zealand tour. She was vitally interested in travel, and had heard so much about this country that it was only a matter of fitting in dates, the next year, 1928, being finally decided on. I was in high glee at being able to land this charming personality, as I was confident that she would take Australia by storm. When I returned to Sydney I promptly got to work on a publicity campaign for Cornelia Otis Skinner and spread her photographs around in the papers, and on all my printing, and I could sense the interest in this beautiful, clear, dark-eyed American beauty. With my Sydney opening date fixed we were working up to a nice climax in the publicity, when on the eve of Miss Skinner's departure from New York,

I received a cable from her saying that her mother had been taken seriously ill, and she was compelled to cancel her trip. Mrs. Skinner was to accompany her daughter on the tour, so there was no alternative. It was a bitter blow, and I was grievously disappointed. As time went on, I tried to fix other dates for Miss Skinner, but her plans were so fixed that she could not come, and I think also that the urge was less keen. In the meantime Cornelia went to London, and became a riot overnight. She had built up a programme with representations of the wives of Henry VIII, and was rivalling the popularity of Ruth Draper. From that time onward the young Miss Skinner has developed into a leading stage personality. The latest New York papers are raving about her performance in Somerset Maugham's play, "Theatre," in which she is the star. The "New York Times" critic says "Miss Skinner is extravagantly beautiful and the play is handsomely produced." After that I definitely think that I can justly claim that I was on a winner, and very unlucky not to collect.

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A BOY I KNEW

(Continued from Page 7.)

life's interminable quest; he was always looking for something that had no name and no whereabouts, and not finding it. He either knew instinctively or he soon found out that seeking was more instructive than finding, that journeys were more rewarding than destinations. (I picked up a little of that from him, and have found it of some use.)

He was saddled with an unusual number of worries, it seems to me, but faith underlay them—a faith nourished by the supernatural or the spiritual. There was a lake, and at the water's edge a granite rock upholstered with lichen. This was his pew, and the sermon went on for ever.

He travelled light, so that he was always ready for a change of pace or of direction and was in a position to explore any opportunity and become part of any situation, unhampered. He spent an appalling amount of time in a semi-dormant state on curbstones, pier heads, moles, string-pieces, carriage blocks, and porch steps, absorbing the anecdotes, logic and technique of artisans. He would travel miles to oversee a new piece of construction.

I remember this boy with affection, and feel no embarrassment in idealising him. He himself was an idealist of shocking proportions. He had a fine capacity for melancholy and the gift of sadness. I never knew anybody on whose spirit the weather had such a devastating effect. A shift of wind, or of mood, could wither him. There would be times when a dismal sky conspired with a forlorn side street to create a moment of such profound bitterness that the world's accumulated sorrow seemed to gather in a solid lump in his heart. The appearance of a coasting hill softening in a thaw, the look of backyards along the railroad tracks on hot afternoons, the faces of people in trolley cars on Sunday—

these could and did engulf him in a vast wave of depression. He dreaded Sunday afternoon because it had been deliberately written in a minor key.

He dreaded Sunday also because it was the day he spent worrying about going back to school on Monday. School was consistently frightening, not so much in realisation as in anticipation. He went to school for sixteen years and was uneasy and full of dread the entire time—sixteen years of worrying that he would be called upon to speak a piece in the assembly hall. It was an amazing test of human fortitude. Every term was a nightmare of suspense.

The fear he had of making a public appearance on a platform seemed to find a perverse compensation, for he made frequent voluntary appearances in natural amphitheatres before hostile audiences, addressing himself to squalls and thunderstorms, rain and darkness, alone in rented canoes. His survival is something of a mystery, as he was neither very expert nor very strong. Fighting natural disturbances was the only sort of fighting he enjoyed. He would run five blocks to escape a boy who was after him, but he would stand up to any amount of punishment from the elements. He swam from the rocks of Hunter's Island, often at night, making his way there alone and afraid along the rough, dark trail from the end of the bridge (where the house was where they sold pie) up the hill and through the silent woods and across the marsh to the ricks. He hated bathing beaches and the smell of bathhouses, and would go to any amount of trouble to avoid the pollution of undressing in a stall.

This boy felt for animals a kinship he never felt for people. Against considerable opposition and with woefully inadequate equipment, he managed to provide himself with animals, so that he would never be

without something to tend. He kept pigeons, dogs, snakes, polliwogs, turtles, rabbits, lizards, singing birds, chameleons, caterpillars and mice. The total number of hours he spent just standing watching animals, or refilling their water pans, would be impossible to estimate; and it would be hard to say what he got out of it. In Spring he felt a sympathetic vibration with earth's renascence, and set a hen. He always seemed to be under some strange compulsion to assist the processes of incubation and germination, as though without him they might fail and the earth grow old and die. To him a miracle was essentially egg-shaped. (It occurs to me that his faith in animals has been justified by events of recent years: animals, by comparison with men, seem to have been conducting themselves with poise and dignity.)

In love he was unexcelled. His whole existence was a poem of tender and heroic adoration. He harbored delusions of perfection, and with consummate skill managed to weave the opposite sex into them, while keeping his distance. His search for beauty was always vaguely identified with his search for the ideal of love, and took him into districts which he would otherwise never have visited. Though I seldom see him these days, when I do I notice he still wears that grave inquiring expression as he peers into the faces of passers-by, convinced that some day he will find there the answer to his insistent question.

As I say, I feel no embarrassment in describing this character—because there is nothing personal in it—I have rather lost track of him and he has escaped me and is just a strange haunting memory, like the memory of love. I do not consider him in any way unusual or special; he was quite ordinary and had all the standard defects. They seem unimportant. It was his splendor that matters—the unforgettable splendor. No wonder I feel queer when I run into him. I guess all men do.

BILLIARDS *and* SNOOKER

Unsuspected Critics — Members Who Possess Infinite Knowledge of Billiards—The Impossibility of Being a Fluker—Time to Repair the Cue.

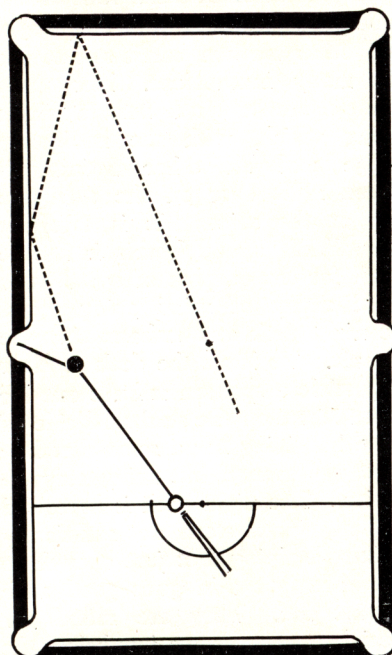


Walking along Castlereagh Street during the past week, writer was accosted by an old friend who inquired the whereabouts of various billiard players, amateur and professional, who have performed through the years. We had quite a long discussion, and my friend quoted wide variations in styles. No doubt the same thing has happened to readers, but, the peculiar issue here is that my friend has never played 100 up in his life! He attends all amateur title contests, and would consider it in the nature of a crime to miss a session in a professional contest. Tackled on that angle, he said: "I find billiards gives me great relaxation and I get quite a 'kick' from my anticipations of the next shot to be played." There was, of course, a whole lot more than that, but it strikes me that probably the spectators on the second floor each day get as much fun from watching as exponents from playing. There is infinite variety in billiards and snooker, and spectators frequently hit on the right note by theory. Although "duds" with cue in hand, they are able critics. I quote a case in point.

One lunch-hour I was seated alongside a gentleman who I know not and who, later, told me had often tried to play snooker but, to his knowledge, had never potted three balls in succession in his life. Anyway, he would gamble big money he had never sunk four in one break. Now you have a pen-picture of his ability, read his comments:—

"That was a great shot Charlie Young just played. He is one of the few players here who can really stun

the cue-ball with accuracy. And no man can hope to get anywhere at this game unless he has mastered stun, deep screws and heavy forcing shots whilst retaining accuracy of potting and full control over the cue-ball. A few years ago Darcy Eccles used to



Never be content to just play a scoring shot; always try and make the following stroke easier. In the half run-through hazard shown, note the travel-line of the object ball and realise the ease of continuing on to high tallies.

be a treat for sore eyes when playing on our tables. There are dozens of us who can remember his clashes with Billy Longworth, and, don't forget, Longworth made one break exceeding 300 at billiards. These times we see some really good snooker when the top rankers are playing, and it beats me why the room isn't always full to overflowing."

Naturally there was a whole lot more than that, but I have outlined

the main points. Here was a critic who really enjoyed himself at the entertainment offered all members. He, however, did say something worth recording. One player was suffering jibes from his confreres for a couple of outsize flukes. My neighbour said: "You know there is no such thing as a fluke. The late John Roberts, when champion of the world, proclaimed that the best way to advance your billiards is to watch the novices. They play shots that are really marvellous, but work out differently to anticipations. But, had their knowledge been sufficiently advanced they must have known that by striking the ball the way they did, only one result was possible. They showed complete ignorance of billiards ballistics." Let me straight away admit I am one of the ignorants, but I am forced to agree because although I have followed Walter Lindrum's play over a long term of years and watched him score well over 500,000 points, I can only recall two occasions when the scoring stroke was an obvious fluke. Actually, the world's champion cannot fluke because he knows too much. That's a new angle for most of you!

We are fast approaching the time for taking out our cues and seeing to it that they are properly tipped and ready for the serious play which eventuates during winter months. It is well to have a new tip 'played in,' for best results can only come from confidence in the player, and no player was ever confident when his cue was not functioning one hundred per cent.

Aircraft Carriers of the U.S.A.

With Particular Reference to the Newly-Commissioned "Hornet"

(By Frank C. Bowen)

The aircraft-carriers form a particularly important branch of the U.S. Navy.

The Washington Disarmament Conference allowed both Japan and the United States to convert two uncompleted capital ships into aircraft-carriers. The Japanese converted the *Kaga* and *Akagi*, and the Americans converted the *Lexington* and *Saratoga*. Both types were armed with 8-in. guns, the biggest calibre allowed by the Washington Treaty and far bigger than the British Navy put into the type. Each country immediately became apprehensive that the other was building these carriers for the purpose of raiding across the Pacific.

The *Lexington* and *Saratoga* from first to last cost nearly £10,000,000 apiece, and this deterred even the Americans. Their standard displacement was 33,000 tons, their speed about 33 knots and they carried 90 planes apiece. They have proved remarkably effective, although very costly to maintain, and when Congress voted the money to reinforce them it wanted something very much cheaper.

The next ship launched, in 1933, was the *Ranger*, of only 14,500 tons, with a speed of 29 knots and an armament of eight 5-in. guns instead of eight 8-in. She was very much cheaper and could carry 80 planes, but she was not nearly as effective as the bigger *Saratoga*, especially when it came to flying the planes back on to her deck.

So the *Enterprise* and *Yorktown* were built with a displacement of practically 20,000 tons, a speed of 34 knots and an armament of eight 5-in. guns, with stowage of 100 planes and good armour. There was considerable difficulty with the construction of these ships and they were four years building, but the design was greatly improved in the

Hornet which has just been completed nearly a year ahead of schedule time. With the same displacement, armament and speed, all the faults of the previous ships have been eradicated, and she has cost something like £6,000,000.

In general outline she follows the same principles as H.M.S. *Ark Royal* and other modern carriers, but she has many innovations. Her three funnels are trunked into a single casing which, with the navigating bridge and all other fittings, is placed right over on the starboard side of the ship. It is carefully streamlined, although this is not so much for the purpose of speed as to avoid eddies of wind going across the flight deck and embarrassing the aircraft. To leave the deck as clear as possible a sponson is built out for over 150 ft. on the starboard side of the ship, giving her a somewhat lopsided appearance, but being very effective. The flight deck is narrowed at the bow and stern, not sufficiently to impede flying, but just enough to give the eight 5-in guns good anti-aircraft fire. They are raised on special superstructures just below the flight deck, giving them an excellent field of fire against both aircraft and torpedo craft.

Perhaps the most interesting feature about the new ship which has been released by the U.S. Navy Department—there are any number which have not—is indicated by the unusual height between the hull proper and the flight deck. Most aircraft-carriers fly all their planes off the flight deck, leaving the catapult to the aircraft-carrying ships like cruisers and battleships; but in addition to a very fine flight deck, the *Hornet* has catapults on her main or hangar deck. While some of her hundred planes are being taken on to the flight deck by the lifts, others can be wheeled out of the hangars

straight on to the catapults and shot into the air at the same time. The number of planes which can start off together is, needless to say, a very big advantage in making an attack. Including her flying personnel and mechanics, the *Hornet* will carry a crew of over 2,000 men, nearly as many as the *Saratoga* which has 50 per cent. more displacement.

Fine ship as she is, the design of the *Hornet* has already been improved, and in the numerous aircraft-carriers which are now being built for the Two-Ocean Navy, the displacement has been increased to about 26,000 tons, which is about 3,000 more than the *Illustrious* and *Formidable*, and the cost of each ship will be over £10,000,000.

—"Sphere."

All By Chance

Working in a paper mill, an employee, through carelessness, ruined a vat of pulp. Afraid of losing his position, he tried to prevent it by experimenting, but to no avail. His foreman happened along and his discovery spelt dismissal for the erring one.

The wasted pulp was thrown into a corner, when its absorbent qualities at once became evident. It was thoroughly dried out for further tests. Thus blotting paper came into existence.

In a Lancashire weaving mill a faulty machine "ruined" many yards of material. Loose threads appeared all over the surface. Thrown aside as waste, the works manager made a habit of wiping his hands on it after washing. He noted the satisfying touch and the efficiency of the material for the purpose. He started out to deliberately manufacture more, and the general public became interested. That marked the birth of the present-day bath towel.

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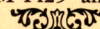
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